

WINGS

MAGAZINE

No. 1-JUNE, 1941

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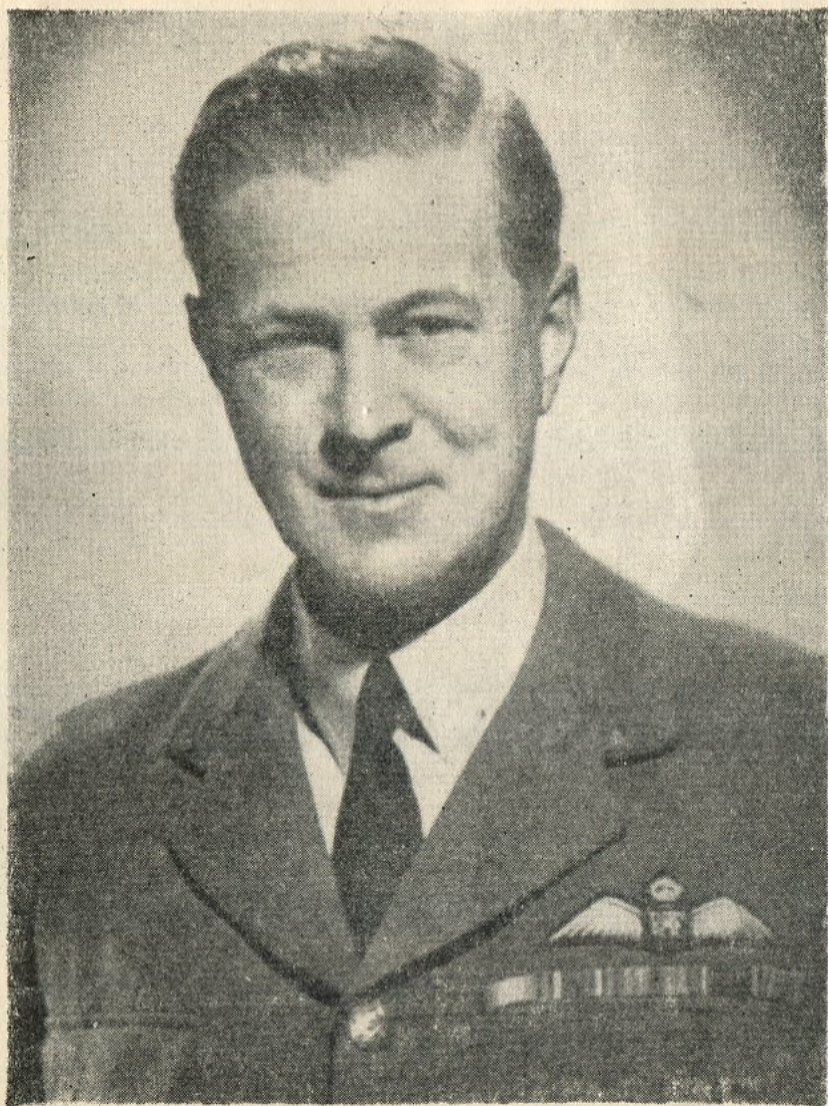
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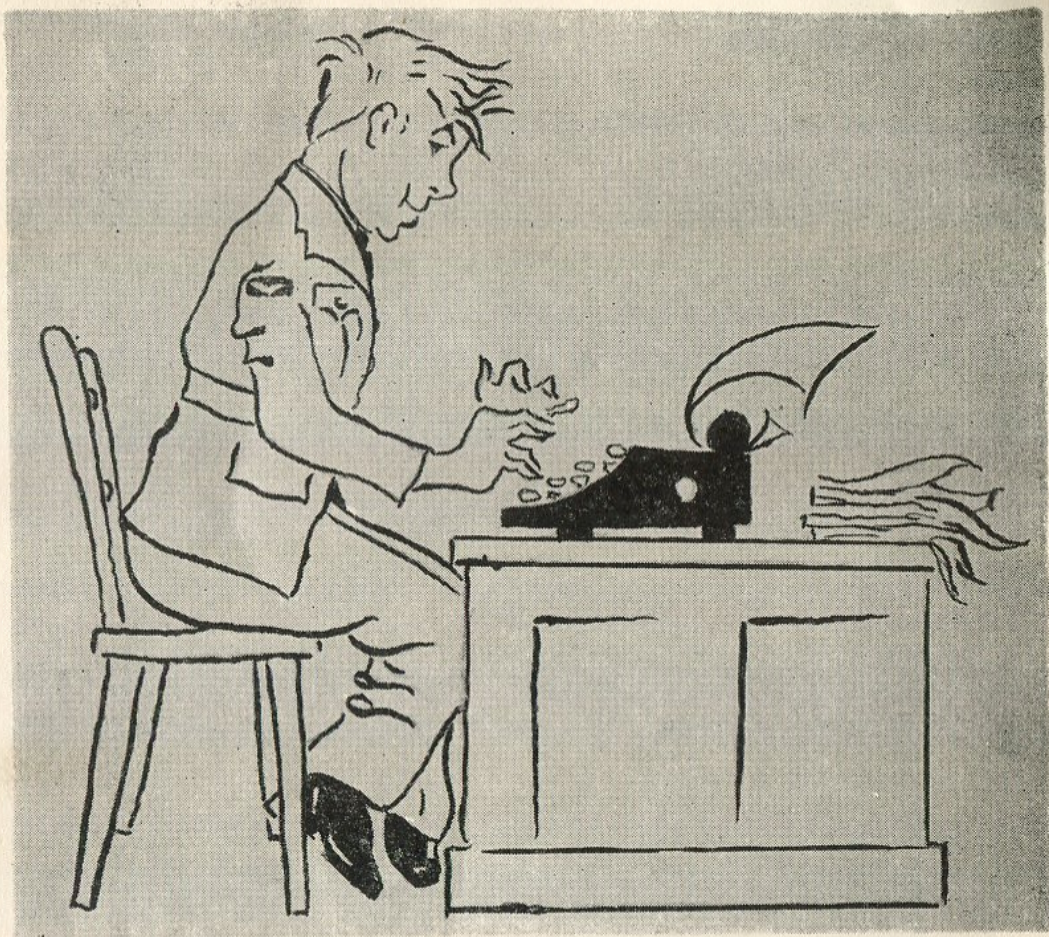


GROUP CAPTAIN C. H. KEITH
Commanding Officer R.A.F., Picton

Foreword

I MUCH APPRECIATE the enterprise responsible for the production of our first issue of this station magazine. It indicates a healthy outlook and a determination to settle down in the best way we can, to establish a happy service life in this locality, which is a new land to most, but to which we have been posted to continue our efforts toward ending the war. May good fortune shine on this effort. I, personally, shall treasure my copy of this first issue. I hope we will make it a big one as I shall want to send many copies to relatives and friends—as I am sure many of us will.

C. H. KEITH



EDITORIAL

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

IT IS hardly the way to commence a magazine by giving vent to an outsize moan . . . but I'm afraid that is just what has to be done. We would like to inform you firstly, that, three days prior to the date agreed upon, for the depositing of our rare . . . this is a particularly well chosen word . . . magazine material in the printers' offices, we found ourselves not only short of the necessary matter for "filling up" this first edition, but also absolutely lacking the machine — ye Gods, how we prayed for a Remington salesman to fall from the sky . . . upon which to bring forth, in some legible form, the writings, forwarded to us in many coloured inks and crayons, that were at that time resting on our table.

But my friends, Fortune was kind to us . . . in the form of Flying Officer Holland-Martin . . . and we were provided with the machine, which I am thumping on now, to bring

before your eyes the creations . . . 1941 models, guaranteed no plagiarism (not much!) . . . of our camp geniuses (I hope this is right as my co-editor is looking over my shoulder . . . I think it is, as I seem to associate "genii" with Aladdin somehow!).

Of course there is a definite reason for this big moan, as you have probably guessed . . . we are feeling rather nervous about this first attempt of ours in presenting a magazine for your digestion in Picton. We know how far that "digestion" has been tried of late! We feel it our duty to inform you that all the contents of this "mixture" were "cooked up" by R.A.F. amateurs too!

To introduce our magazine, however, we were fortunate in receiving a contribution in the form of a poem, from our own Commanding Officer, Group Captain Keith, for which we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks, with the hope that we may expect further donations from him for our later issues. In passing . . . and here we seize the opportunity presented to us, with open arms . . . we hope the example set by our Commanding Officer, will be followed before the next issue is due for printing i.e. June 15th, by many others amongst the personnel at Picton.

Well, it's about 12.45 a.m., and apart from the fact that we are wasting the electric light in the Y.M.C.A., we also feel like retiring to our beds . . . if one can call it "retiring," when one needs a six foot ladder before one can rest his head on his pillow! . . . so, as succinctly as possible we will introduce the rest of our magazine to you.

Firstly, there is the article written for the photographic section of the camp . . . you know, those weird "cloud-effected" guys . . . which we would like you all to read, be you photographer or not. Photography certainly appears a great deal more interesting to us anyway, after reading it. We did not know we had so many aspiring "Tom Websters" in camp! The one thing we received plenty of, were cartoons! Keep on sending them in boys! One of the cartoons will be a permanent fixture . . . this is the one concerning "Spot"—that much maligned mongrel . . . so keep your weather eyes open for him readers! With regard to these cartoons our special thanks are due to Corporal Smale for his reproduction of each in "black and white." He is also responsible for our

cover design . . . which we hope you will find as attractive as we did. At least we hope it will attract you sufficiently to buy a copy!

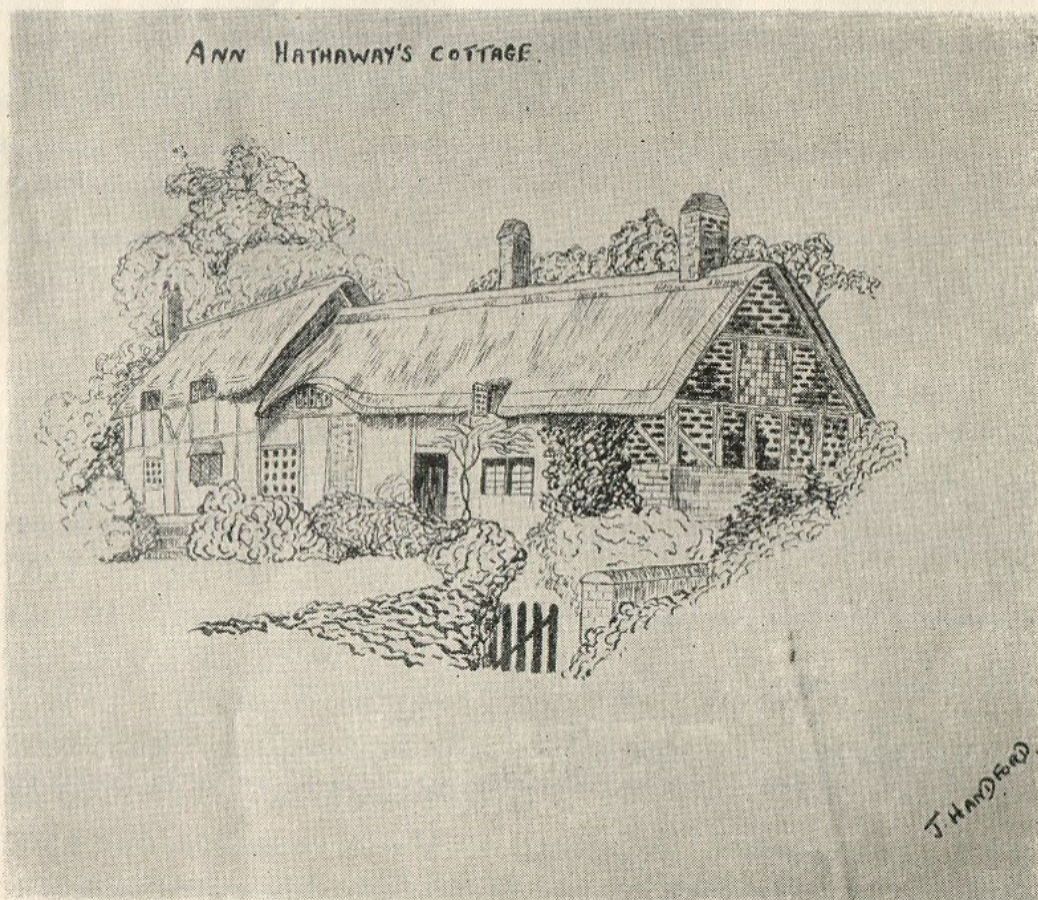
The entertainments article was written, fittingly, by Andy Reekie . . . He'd prefer us to leave out the "Mr." we know . . . and we do not think there is any need for us to give it any further introduction than that. (In passing, we would like to say, we cannot understand why he does not spell his name with an "H" . . . because he can certainly do most things . . . and well!

Finally we should like to express our gratitude to all those others who have contributed toward this initial effort of ours, and to ask them to continue to give us their full support.

Readers, we beseech you . . . do not let the poor wit of this rather lengthy Editorial prevent you turning the page . . . it gets better as you go along!

Now . . . farewell till July . . . and our SECOND (are we being too optimistic?) edition

❖ ❖ ❖



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A Bomber Station Commander

My squadrons both have been away
At sea, throughout the day:
And now I wait their safe return,
To hear how went the fray.

The light of day is falling fast
And chill becomes the air,
And I am standing, listening hard,
Upon my lips a prayer.

The peace of evening falls around
And in the West the sun
Has dyed the sky a fiery red,
To show his work is done.

Low in the East a pale new moon
Is climbing up on high,
And all, on earth, is peace it seems:
A mist is creeping nigh.

But mist no terror brings to me,
For now I hear a sound,
Which fills the air with thunderous
 roar
And echoes off the ground.

Across the blue inverted bowl,
Now fast becoming night,
Like jelled bats, the bombers flit
In swiftly moving flight.

And red and green, their wingtips
 gleam
Against the darkening sky:
Then more and more come circling in,
And round and round they fly.

Then one by one to earth they glide,
And quickly come to rest,
To disembark their weary crews,
In flying clothing dressed.

For seven hours or more these lads
Have scoured the grey North sea,
And signall'd back they'd seen some
 ships,
And bombed our enemy.

(Continued on Next Page)

Of some the wings are shot and torn,
And needing much repair:
But I thank God the crews are back,
And safely standing there.

And by one, a full report
Each Captain has to write,
Whilst ground-crews start to overhaul
And get each aircraft right.

The spirits of the crews run high,
And loud I hear them laugh:
They rag each other and indulge
In much good-natured chaff.

At other times, it may be grim,
When I'm expecting eight
And only five return to us,
And three have met their fate.

I think of wives, and mothers too,
To them I then must write
With pity in my heart to try
To ease their sorry plight.

And, day by day, it comes about,
And you may hear the news:
That victory in the air must claim
Its toll of gallant crews.

With smiling face and firm young
lips
High up above they go:
Can we, on earth, repay to them
The debt we surely owe?

And I have seen, as you may not,
The strain on their young wives,
Who daily strive on meagre pay,
To cheer their husband's lives.
To cheer their husband's lives.

And when you hear of great success
That in the air we've won:
The frequent price is sacrifice,
Of some poor mother's son.

—Group Captain C. H. Keith



Peace Time Idyll

IT REALLY all began with Mrs. Chiefie. Women were ever weird, capricious creatures and given to ways inexplicable to males, but even the vainest of them have no idea just how far-reaching are the effects of their more temperamental moments. . . .

Chiefie brooded sullenly at his desk; the early Spring sunshine awoke no answering chord in his manly bosom; the blithe song of the birds aroused none of that joie-de-vivre, so beloved of the poets. Outside, in the hangar, the meticulous line up of kites had failed to develop his usual feeling of self-satisfaction and importance. Even the virgin sheet of blotting paper won in a long and bitter skirmish with the Orderly Room, gave him no pride of achievement as a warrior. He scowled darkly at the back of a shrinking Erk who was aimlessly sweeping an already spotless floor, adjusted the inkpot which was off-centre by at least five thou. and swung round in his chair to face the windows. Although his thought was elsewhere, he noted that the windows were not as clean as he, a purist in all matters, might wish them to be. His malevolent glare swept clean through the windows to where the same Spring sunshine shone on the glittering brass door handle of No. 7A M.Q., where, at that moment, the wife of his bosom was already bemoaning, as usual, the camp mud conveyed into her home by the boots, ankle, very large, of her Lord and master. So the great man brooded, still visibly smarting under the lash of his dictator's tongue. . . .

Outside, on the apron, a few soporific airmen tinkered with the engine of the one serviceable machine, watched ably by Sergeant Blank and Sergeant Blink. It was being whispered among them that all was not well with the old . . . er . . . gentleman . . . and it would be well to keep clear; and soon they drifted off in the general direction of the workshops, where a man could still find the peace so beneficial to his soul. . .

It was just another one of those mornings when everything went wrong. The Erk I/C Tea swindle had selfishly gone sick, taking with him the key to the kitchen. The flight commander had missed his tea and it may have influenced his temper also. He stuck a large ginger moustache, closely followed by his head, around the door, and said in pained, but precise tones: "Really, flight, K7321 was actually two minutes late getting off this morning. Mr. Smythe-Browne had to wait for his parachute to be collected. It isn't good enough, you know, attention to detail and all that! Off he stalked, muttering vaguely to himself. Chiefie was not disturbed, being used to dealing with these Olympians, but coming on top of his tea-less state, he felt as if it were too much for one man to bear. Suddenly he arose, and throwing open his door with a crash, shouted in a raucous voice, "Clutterbuck!"

The pigeons in the rafters, disturbed from their morning rest, circled the hangar, making faint, derisive mews, while the group of men draped around a bench were galvanized into immediate action, correcting any misbegotten impression that they were figures carved out of stone. Sergeants Blink and Blank, returning from an instructive morning at workshops, where they had watched the N.C.O./C decarbonise his venerable motorcycle, hastily withdrew once more, to a more strategic position. . . . The musical voice reached to Clutterbuck, where he was quietly changing some of the contents of a tanker inscribed DTD224, to the tank of the C.O.'s car. Clutterbuck sighed deeply, muttered something under his breath, ran guiltily in his mind through all crimes, past and present, and then shambled sheepishly Chiefeward.

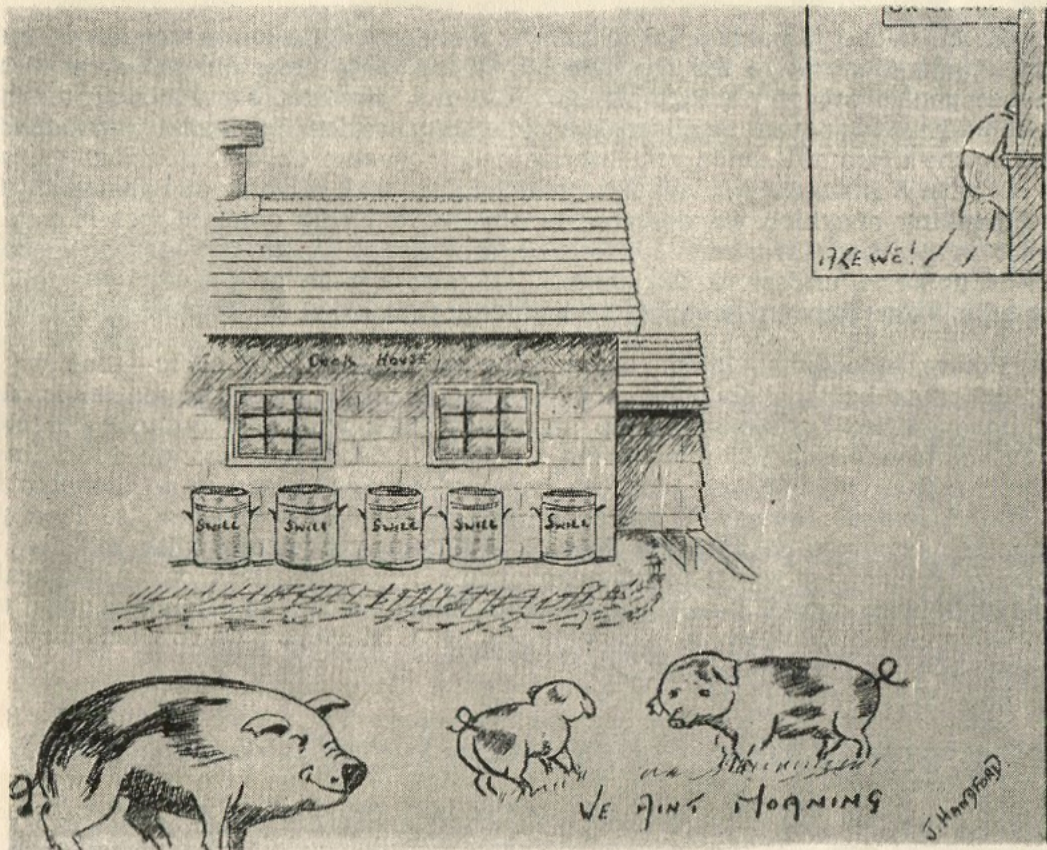
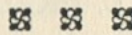
Within five minutes he was on his way back, but his heart was no longer on such trivial matters as the C.O.'s car. Dazed under the invective hurled down upon his defenceless head by the Great Man he stared stupidly at a form 295 that he'd been firmly convinced he'd draw from the guardroom on the following evening. The only certain thing in his sea of trouble, was the proposed week-end would not be spent as planned, with the one who mattered most, but on completing a 120 hour inspection that had been started many moons previously. His mind also dwelt apprehensively upon what she would say upon receiving the news that, for the third time running, he was letting her

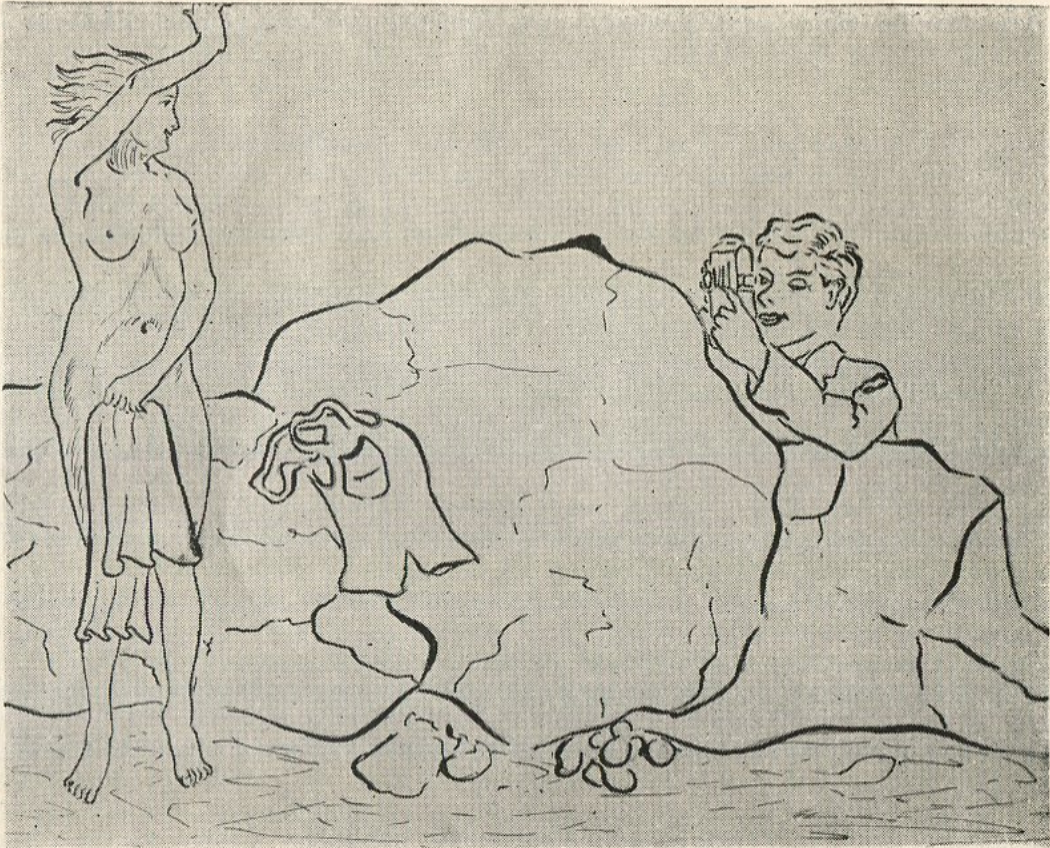
down. Se he went on his weary way, lamenting vastly, whilst back in his office the Great Man was finding that this assertion of his power had vastly cleared his bitterness. In fact he was tentatively humming a snatch of a song of dubious origin. His satellites, reassured by this somewhat melancholy dirge, crept out of hiding and joined him. . . . All was peaceful again. . . .

So the time passed, the lunch hour came and went, and Chiefie was back to normal again. His spouse had greeted him, as of yore, without the morning excursion into the habits of his relations, past and present. In fact he had managed to wheedle a further two dollars out of her, and for him, once more, the sun was in his heaven and all was well with the world. He cycled back from the patch, with much ringing of the bell, and a light of almost human kindness in his eye.

The squadron soon settled down to its afternoon siesta . . . a languid broom dragging a soulful looking ACH across the hangar floor was the only sign of life, and several figures lay in various attitudes out on the grass, giving the impression that the place might be inhabited. The deep, mellow, organ-like note of the C.O.'s snore reverberated through the hangar, mingling rhythmically with the higher pitched, sneering note of that of the discip., as he sat back in a chair surrounded by innumerable lists of names, squadron duties and cigarette ends, in his lair. He was smiling in his sleep, doubtless dreaming of vast church parades and week-end fatigues for all. From the armoury came sounds of something stirring. . . at long last the period of hibernation was ending. . . . Out of dark, noisesome holes queer man-like creatures were creeping, stretching cramped limbs, and uttering strange, uncouth cries. . . . Time, which had seemed to stand still, suddenly showed on countless clocks and watches, as 4.30 p.m.! Miraculously, many men appeared and were rapidly closing the hangar doors. A bicycle shot out of the hangar, carrying chiefie homewards, leaving a trail of minor casualties behind. . . .

Soon all was silent again . . . all signs of human life had disappeared but for one lone, weary form that slowly dragged it's way towards the airmen's billets. . . . Gone was the entertaining music of the C.O.'s snore . . . all was silent, except for the snatch of a song, tunelessly thrown out of the mouth of that one man being in sight. . . "It's the same the whole world over. . . It's the poor what gets the blame!





Take a Tip From Us!

(L.A.A.C. CHRISTIE)

ON BEING approached, en masse, by a rather senile and beer-stained magazine Committee for the purpose of handing "yew chaps" a few hints on the gentle art of photography, we did not, needless to say, assent forthwith. There was the small matter of remuneration for such a prodigious task. The aforesaid senile and beerstained Magazine Committee tried to push us off with a Coca-Cola . . . bu twe won the day, with a bottle of Labatts, during the drinking of which we were regaled by the edifying opinion that it was no doubt a very bad investment! Fortified, and somewhat mellowed, by the cooling draught, we undertook the gigantic task, and, later, propounded the following article for your information and guidance.

Before proceeding, let us assure our readers—both of them—that we do not intend to baffle them with science. The bitter truth of the matter is, that we have baffled ourselves to such an extent, that we are not altogether clear about certain phases of photographic science! However, lest we incriminate ourselves further, and find that the fruits of our labor lead us to a "retention of rank" (odious thought!), we shall now attempt, dear readers, to lead you along the primrose path of Photography. The way is strewn with pitfalls . . . some of which are veritable elephant traps . . . and it is our unshakeable intention, if we cannot lead you safely past these pitfalls, to pitch you down one of them, and make such a thorough job of it, that you won't come back to trouble our afternoon siestas again!

Most of you have already acquired cameras. We repeat "acquired"—it is such a beautifully elastic word, and applies to every mode of possession. To those of you who have not yet acquired cameras, let us give a few words of advice. Do not be gulled into (we nearly said "buying") acquiring a camera

bristling with gadgets, and looking like the personification of Einstein's Theory. Choose a simple model, which, preferably takes either a 3½" x 2½" or 2" x 2" picture. By having negatives of such a size, good contact points are obtainable—and the necessity for enlarging is eliminated, which is vital for miniature negatives of the 35 m.m. and 16 m.m. class. In any case, enlargements are costly and you want to economise as much as possible, as Photography is an expensive hobby. However, whatever you decide on this point, buy a well-known make of camera. A good general purpose camera can be obtained for from two dollars to eight dollars. For the more ambitious, there are makes up to \$1,000 . . . but we'll leave these to the more elastic pockets of Flight Lieutenants and Group Captains.

There is a fallacy among amateurs (here we must speak from the lofty heights of professionalism) that the essence of good photography is getting every conceivable subject slap-bang in the centre of the picture. Actually, the art of photography is chiefly, we believe, in the composition and detail of the picture. Composition is an individual matter—but broadly speaking, if one can procure a pleasing aspect—then the picture is good. Don't be afraid to experiment, and go for the unusual. You will be surprised . . . favorably we hope . . . by the effect of unusual angles and subjects. Do not follow hackneyed subjects . . . but step out of the fields of conventionalism and follow your own individual path. Take, for example, a telegraph pole; some amazing results can be obtained from such a prosaic subject. Just try it and see!

Again, the majority of you are intent upon collecting a variety of photographs of a pictorial nature. In such photographs, the importance of sky and cloud effect cannot be stressed too much. A good cloud effect can make a mediocre subject a masterpiece. On the other hand a beautiful landscape can be completely ruined by an insipid sky. So keep a weather-eye open for the possibilities of cloud, sunshine and even rain.

Before we conclude we have prepared a list of "nevers," which we bequeath to you. They are the harvest of bitter experience. Firstly, never scamper out and snap at an Air Vice Marshal. We did once, and the shower of invective which greeted our good intentions somewhat dampened our enthusiasm for Air Vice Marshals!

Secondly, never encourage Warrant Officers to be photographed. You can bang off film after film on them, and they still come up with another angle of pomp and splendour. We never could understand their avidity for being photographed. Thirdly, never dabble in NUDE studies. It causes no end of embarrassment to the person whom you **always** send to collect the film, and prints. Fourthly, never make a habit of becoming so irritatingly egoistic that you compile an album of photographs concerned chiefly with yourself and your activities. It is most gratifying to you, no doubt, but damned annoying for those who have to peruse your photos, and offer inane, appropriate remarks. So remember that! Lastly, never lose heart. Remember that photography is a matter of trial and error, and the more errors you make the more experience you have gained. In conclusion, we wish you plenty of fun, and a sufficiency of subjects for your camera.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

IN

WINGS

R.A.F. MONTHLY MAGAZINE

WRITE: ADVERTISING MANAGER

"WINGS"

R. A. F., PICTON, ONTARIO

Keyhole King's Kolumn

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

HI-YA, FOLKS!"—Quite Canadian, what?—Here's where the Erks rub shoulders with the elite . . . AND they've got to like it . . . "The HIGHER they are, the harder they fall? . . . So, on with the motley!

We hear the Service Police have a new theme song . . . "Where's my wandering boy tonight?" . . . We wonder why?

And who's the ambitious AC. Plonk who isn't satisfied with less than FOUR stripes on his sleeve? We hear he was "DRUMMED out" later by an unsympathetic "higher up." . . . And another dip in the old bag . . . We want to know what N.C.O. has what collection of what luscious beauties (In postcard form . . . steady sprog!) . . . to lull him to sleep at night? . . . Whether the old English proverb "Too many cooks, etc." is the reason for the nondescript pieces of leather we have attempted to masticate recently? . . . As one "wise guy" put it to us: "It appears that in God's Own Country, God provides the food . . . and the R.A.F. supplies the cooks!" . . . Ouch! that one hurt! . . . Can you tell us . . . whether the Canadian hens are "laying for" us? . . . WHO said the pig was an animal almost extinct? . . . And again chums . . . where did what senior N.C.O. . . . very senior . . . learn the gentle art of scrounging cigarettes?

Is it "pukka gen" that THAT MAN is "keeping Turkey" for his Christmas dinner? . . . We could suggest something re the "stuffing." . . . In passing, what difficulty did what HIGH OFFICER find in returning wondering Erks' salutes as he pushed what four-wheeled vehicle through the streets of Picton?

Some guy tells us there are TWENTY-ONE good reasons why a "kite" will not start of its own accord. . . . We'll believe him . . . we wouldn't share his knowledge for anything!

What laundly boy did nice Wallant Officer swear at so loudly, when waited collars allive, vellee dirty? . . . Me tellee tluth, no? . . . By the way, we hear the good people of Belleville were wakened the other morning by the lusty voice of a young airman singing "I'm happy when I'm BIKING!" We are sorry to say that said airman is now missing from camp—but thank heavens, that's all that's "missing"! Let us re-JOICE!

Some of our "luxury travellers," we understand, intend to "use the THUMB-SCREW" to make passing motorists see the point more quickly! Somebody'll "pick them up" on that!

For your notebook . . . one of our esteemed Warrant Officers has "acquired" an erk belonging to a Flight-Sergeant who is being rather AUCHward about it! But as far as having him back is concerned, we understand he has -er-had it!

Now laugh this off, my fellow "Brownedoffians" . . . A certain tradesman in Picton asked a Cockney airman if he had a "dime" the other day . . . and he replied "Nah mite, I don't get on wiv them Canadian girls!"

We hear the fair ladies of Picton are raving about the coiffure of one of our officers . . . tho' they do not quite take to the tuft, that sticks out at the back of his hat, like the nose of a Spitfire. . . . And so to the "All Highest" . . .

"Is it true what they say about This One . . .
He's always writing poetry when you call,
When he needs inspiration does he kiss one
Of the beauties that hang on his wall?"

And so to bed my little ones . . . go find your hidey holes . . . and make them good . . . Old King Keyhole will be watching. . . .

"Rise and Shine!"

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

A. C. 2 THISTLEWAITE lay on his bed, in his billet . . . it was 10.30 a.m. . . . and thousands of thoughts intermingled in his brain. He was feeling very tired . . . he had been working very hard that morning . . . and things hadn't worked out so well for his peace of mind. Arising at 7.30 (reveillee at 6 a.m.) he had donned his clothes and made his way to the dining hall, arriving about 8.15 a.m., only to be rather rudely informed by the N.C.O. in charge, that he was not properly dressed, and anyway breakfast finished at 7.45! So, rather disconsolately he'd returned to his billet, dressed in a proper manner, and then gone back to the cookhouse. There he had offered the N.C.O. i/c . . . same guy . . . a chit, which informed said N.C.O. that he, A.C. 2 Thistlewaite No. 9999999 recurring, had been on duty all night, and requesting said N.C.O. if he would kindly serve A.C. 2 Thistlewaite with breakfast. Needless to say he, Thistlewaite, had had to go to considerable pains to write this chit out himself, and sign the name at the foot in a different scrawl. Things were really becoming tiresome you know. . . .

Then work had been very gruelling this morning . . . what time was it? . . . 10.35 a.m. . . . heavens! he was thirty-five minutes later returning to his bunk this morning. Some of the Sergeants would have to clean out their own bunks in future . . . it wasn't good enough. . . . A, a-ah! That was better. A good yawn was good for a chap! Gee! It was getting hotter every day . . . good job these beds were comfortable. . . . Wonder what was going on in England now? . . . Remember those nights spent in Streatham, with the girl friend . . . it had been fun dodging the bombs . . . wonder how she was managing . . . it's such a long way off . . . such a lo

What place was this? What was that flag flying on the mast over there? Why it was the Union Jack . . . what was the matter with him, he must be getting tired or something! Springing to attention A. C. 2 Thistlewaite saluted as he passed and made his way to the Station Orderly Room. Now why was he going to the Orderly Room? Oh, yes! he wanted to obtain a remustering form to remuster the Aircrew duties . . . that was it. Stepping smartly up to the counter of the Orderly Room, he raised his hand to rap the counter . . . when suddenly he stopped, his hand in mid-air. . . . Something was wrong here! . . . Six heads were bent over typewriters, fingers were busy tapping away at the keys . . . the place was a hive of industry! Stepping cautiously backward, Thistlewaite felt for the door behind him, when suddenly a voice by his side said . . . "Yes, A.C. Thistlewaite, what can I do for you?" Jumping round rather startled, he replied in a timid voice . . . "May - er - may I have er a form for remustering please?" "Why, certainly, Thistlewaite! Let me see . . . that's Form IIII . . . that's Cupboard 3, Section 15" . . . and in a flash a large buff-colored form rested on the counter before his eyes. . . . What do you wish to remuster to? In a hushed voice, Thistlewaite replied . . . "To Air-Crew-er-if you don't mind."

"Air Crew? Very well, let me have all the particulars now." A.C. Thistlewaite timorously answered the questions put to him . . . very civilly . . . by the Orderly Room Corporal . . . and then, with a resigned look on his face, awaited the customary phrase . . . "That's all. Now you just carry on and wait until we send for you! "But he was mistaken! With the completion of the document the Corporal reached for the telephone . . . "Hello, is that the Medical Officer? Yes? I have a man here, Sir, for medical examination for Air Crew duties. When will you be able to examine him, Sir? Right away? Thank you, Sir! I'll send him over to you immediately.

Receiving his instructions, Thistlewaite made his way to the Medical Officer's Establishment and was immediately ushered into the august presence. There he was asked to remove all his clothing, which he, very carefully, began to do. Why hadn't he washed his shirt last night? What would the M.O. say? But what was this? As he removed his pullover he was momentarily overcome by the spread of azure blue that covered his manly chest! Heavens . . . it looked

as though he'd boiled it in Rinso for a week! Very carefully, and daintily, lest he leave a spot on this wonderful creation, A.C. 2 Thistlewaite pulled his shirt over his head . . . and afterwards commenced to undo his shoelaces. Removing his shoes . . . he gazed in wonderment at the neat darns in his socks . . . he could have sworn . . .

Where was he now? Oh, yes! back at the Orderly Room. He had been passed fit by the M.O. . . . What was the Corporal saying? . . . The C.O. would see him immediately!

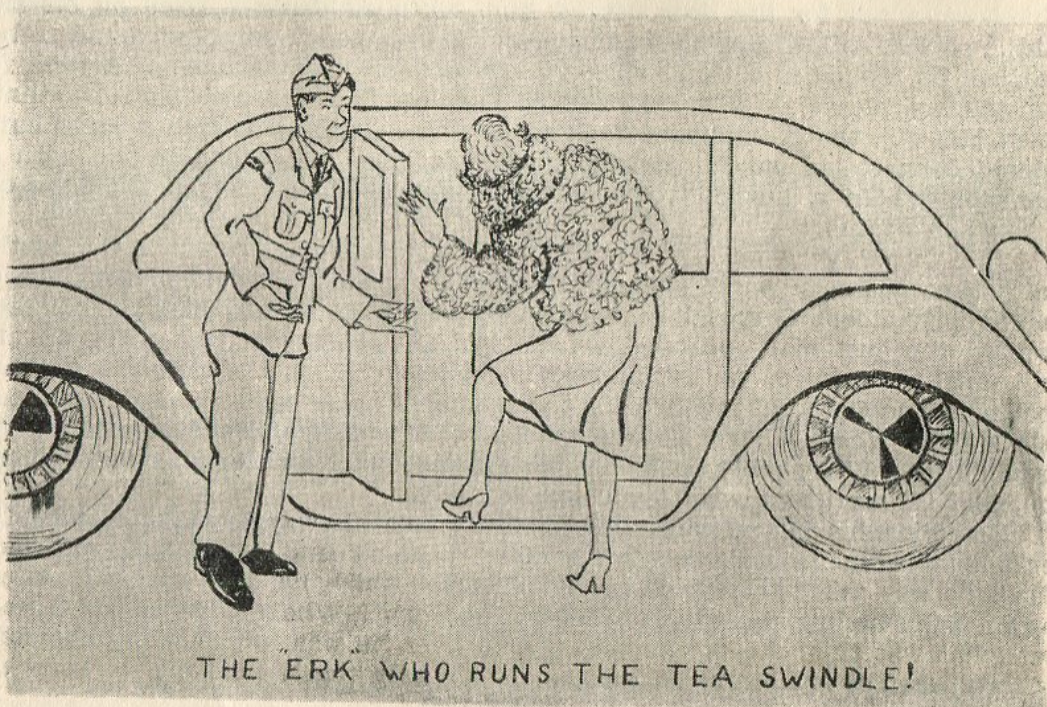
Before the Presence, A.C. 2 Thistlewaite, replied to the questions put to him, timorously, but at least, correctly. Then in a daze he heard the Awful Voice whisper in honeyed tones—"You will be trained as a fighter pilot. On Wednesday morning you will have your kit packed and will move off that day to Timbuctoo for training! A.C. 2 Thistlewaite tottered weakly from the room.

What was this door in front of him now? P A Y
A . . . C . . . C . . . O . . . U . . . N . . . T . . . S — Pay Accounts! Oh, yes; he'd wanted to discover why he hadn't received any credits that he thought were due to him. But what day was it? Tuesday ! . . . Blast! . . . he'd have to wait until next Monday now! But stay! What was this notice on the door? "PAY QUERIES RECEIVED AND DEALT WITH ANY DAY BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 8.30 a.m. AND 5 p.m.!" A.C. 2 Thistlewaite looked over his shoulder, questioningly, doubtfully . . . then stepping up to the walls he felt them with his fingers, and pressed . . . No! they weren't padded!

Knocking at the door, and entering he made his way to the Sergeant I/C of the Accounts Section, and was immediately taken to the clerk in charge of his personal account. Raising his query, he waited . . . in patient agony . . . and was informed he was quite right! Ten dollars was owing to him! When could he have it? Why, right away. . . . Would he sign his name there and come along to the Accountant Officer to receive his pay?

Weakly . . . with heart beating furiously, Ac 2 Thistlewaite put his foot on the step outside S.H.Q., and stopping to wipe away the perspiration from his brow, made his way slowly back to his billet. . . . A beautiful complacent smile now covered his countenance. . . .

Someone smacked him heartily on the back . . . where was the fellow? Opening his eyes Ac. 2 Thistlewaite stared at THREE VERY LARGE WHITE STRIPES! What the he . . . ! What was that roaring in his ears? "Rise and Shine." Stand by your bed! Orderly Officer! What's the matter with you? Can't you hear this morning? Why aren't you on duty? Why is your floor space dirty? Where's the room orderly? Where . . . ? . . . Why . . . ?? . . . What . . . ???"



THE "ERK" WHO RUNS THE TEA SWINDLE!

OMAR KHAYYOED!

(R. CONNELLY)

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the sky,
I heard a Voice in Raucous Accents cry,
"Awake my Little Ones, and make your Beds,
Before the Sergeant of Police draws nigh."

And as the Cock crew those who stood before
The Cookhouse shouted — "Open then the door!
You know how little time we have to stay
Ere we go on the Morn Parade once more."

Ah, fill the Cup; what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our Feet
The Bacon burnt; the Egg can all but fly,
Why fret about them if the Tea be sweet.

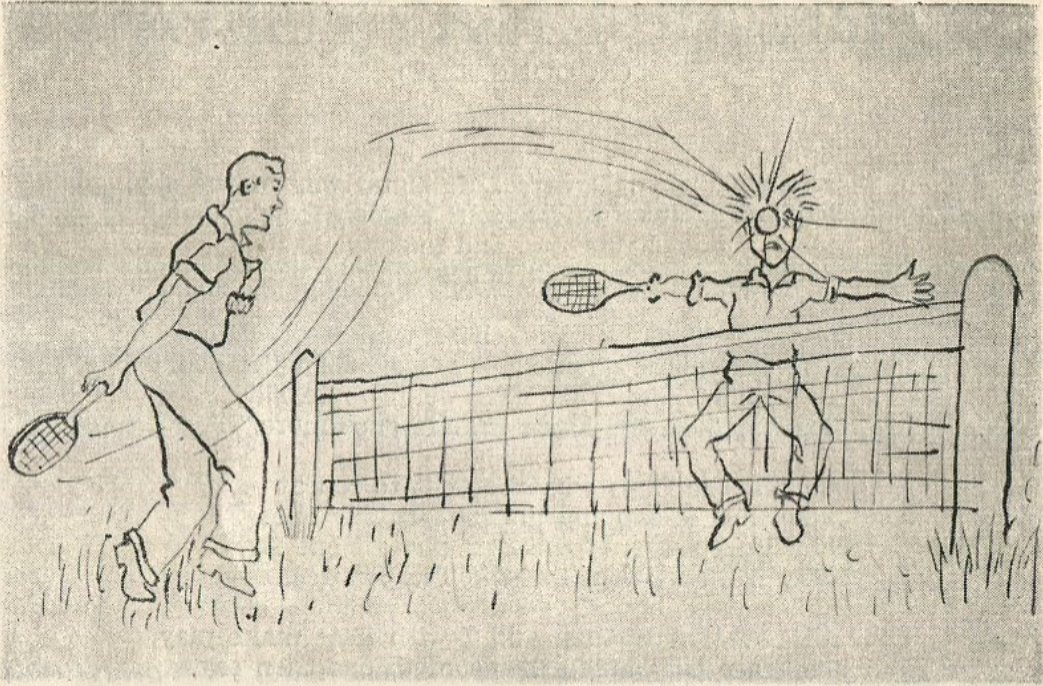
Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate make play,
To grasp the sorry scheme of things then say,
Would we not do away with all Fatigues, and then
Maybe they'd let us stop in Bed all Day.

I'M AN AIRMAN

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

I'm an Airman, I'm an Airman,
I'm just an Ac Plonk,
I joined the RAF to see the world,
And fight when I saw the Flag unfurled,
Although I'm an Ac Plonk!
But there's a tale I must unfold;
It's a tale I have often told and told
To my Officer in command.
I spent ten years in a Public School,
And learned all measures of the rule;
I went early to school . . . and late to bed,
And added to the knowledge inside my head!
From there I went to the Varsity
And earned myself a fine degree,
Which shows in Maths and Physics too,
I can hold my own with you!
In civilian life I found my place
In a chemical lab. where I did trace
The theories of metals known,
Till I joined the RAF . . . the great unknown!
I told them of my fine degree
And they said they had a job for me . . .
So now if you're up when the Dew is down
You'll see me carrying dustbins round,
Or with a pail, a brush, and a broom,
You'll find me cleaning the Sergeant's room!

But get this right inside your head,
I'm doing an essential job it's said,
By my officer in command.



Sportivities

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

WELL, my men of muscle, here's your corner of the magazine! This time I'm afraid it must be mainly an introductory article, as we have not really "settled down" yet, as far as Sports are concerned.

I am going to take this opportunity of showing you the position, at this time, in the various games we play, or it is suggested we **SHALL** play on this station.

FIRSTLY - - - CRICKET

As yet we have not found a suitable ground on which we can play Cricket . . . most of the fields here are either miniature switchbacks, or bear great resemblance to Stonehenge! . . . but, and this is a state secret I believe that, very shortly we **shall** have made available for us, a pitch where you Hammonds (?) and Larwoods (??) can play to your heart's content.

We are very fortunate in having, as Cricket Officer, Squadron Leader Hornabrook, who has considerable years of experience behind him in first-class cricket, both in England and India. You can all certainly pick up something extra from him . . . as far as cricket is concerned . . . though you might find it more difficult on those glorious days, the 15th and 30th!

The season was opened with a match against the Trenton station team which ended in a victory for Trenton by 11 runs. Considering the fact that no one in the station team had had the opportunity of practising, we were quite pleased with the result, and with the all-round show put up by our men. The great aim of the Cricket section is to have cricket played throughout the camp. So let's have your support chaps, at the cricket meetings!

TENNIS

Three courts are being erected in the Drill Hall for the Perrys of the camp. Nets are being provided out of P.S.I. funds as well as tennis balls, and it is hoped to start a Station Tennis team, who will play teams representing other stations in the neighborhood. Also, later in the season, we shall be holding a Tennis Tournament on the station . . . so get your cannon-balls ready!

Further instructions as to the booking of courts will be found on notices, that will appear in due course, in the Y.M.C.A. building.

FOOTBALL

So you guys think you're tough, eh? Soccer played in an atmosphere of 90 degrees in the shade sounds a bit queer to us . . . but still, if you want football, football you shall have my heartiest! If we see numerous grease spots floating round the camp in the coming months we'll know what they are, anyway!

No field has been obtained yet, on which you Spartans can gradually melt away, but if you want some "pukka gen" . . . see the "state secret" we "let out of the bag" under "Cricket."

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

After thinking over the last sport mentioned . . . this sport gives us a nice, cool feeling through and through. . . .

The swimming season opens in Canada on May 24th . . . all you need to swim then, are one set of bathing trunks, one pick-axe to break the ice, and fifty hot water bottles to "thaw" you, when you've finished your dip!

Seriously, it is hoped that we shall be able to find a suitable place . . . maybe in one of the smaller bays or lakes . . . where all personnel will be able to display their Adonis-like torsos to the sun.

A further announcement about this will be made in our next number . . . until then, all we can tell you is . . . get your name on the swimming list in the Y.M.C.A. . . . and if you want to practise for the coming season . . . well, whilst you are doing your daily job i.e. Lying in various positions on your little beds, get going on some "crawl" strokes! Some A.C.H.'s we know should be veritable Weissmullers by the time we start swimming in earnest!

BOXING AND WRESTLING

Here we are very fortunate again in having, at the head of affairs, an N.C.O. with such a wide experience as Corporal Rigby. He has just left this office, as a matter of fact, and memories of his tender smile still linger in my soul. Don't you fellows understand, all he wishes to do is to teach you how to defend yourselves . . . what against, I'm not quite clear on . . . then "Yew Won't get 'urt, chums." Anyway Corporal Rigby is as keen as mustard about getting these two sports started on the station . . . so let's give him our full support fellow erks! I'm "toughening up" my hands "thumping" this ? ! ? ! typewriter!

We shall shortly have a ring, which will be suitable for either sport . . . personally we don't like the ropes round the ring . . . they kind of remind you there's no way of escape once you are inside . . . still, don't let this put you off! Get your name on the list in the Y.M. and get in some practice . . . in running!

GOLF

What, what! Some of you "cards" will like this game . . . "clubs" are trumps!

The present position is that the erks are awaiting a challenge from the Officers . . . we rather suspect the latter of getting in some practice on the

quiet! "Putting" it in a "Fairway," without getting "rough," we think they are rather "green" 'with envy, because some of the Erks are so successful at "spooning" in the natural "bunkers" hereabouts! Anyway . . . let us remind them . . . We're aye ready for a wee match, dinna ken!

Y.M.C.A. SPORTS

Quite a number of successful "Sports Nights" have been run in the Y.M. building . . . and we hope to present many more for your entertainment.

Table Tennis is rapidly becoming terrifically popular . . . but it's about time somebody "reformed" the idea that "Mrs. Grundy" is always topdog here! Come on you coming Barnas . . . what about it . . . I know she is anxiously awaiting all comers!

Up to date, one Whist Drive has been held in the Y.M., and everyone who attended agreed that it was a "good show" . . . the only grumble was that there were not sufficient present . . . so, next time . . . let's have all of you card players there!

Other games gaining in popularity are Darts (two new boards available, and four new sets of darts), draughts, cribbage (thanks to Corporal Gupwell), and Horseshoes.

Here, we should like to offer our sincere thanks to Andy Reekie . . . or Andy, as we know him . . . for the fine work he has put in, in getting all these games and entertainments going for us at Picton. Here's to you Andy!

So we must leave you until the next issue . . . when we hope to be able to report much further progress with regard to all Sports on this station. Cheerio . . . you Sons of Hercules!

Your Patronage Appreciated at

ROSCOE'S

GUILD

RESTAURANT

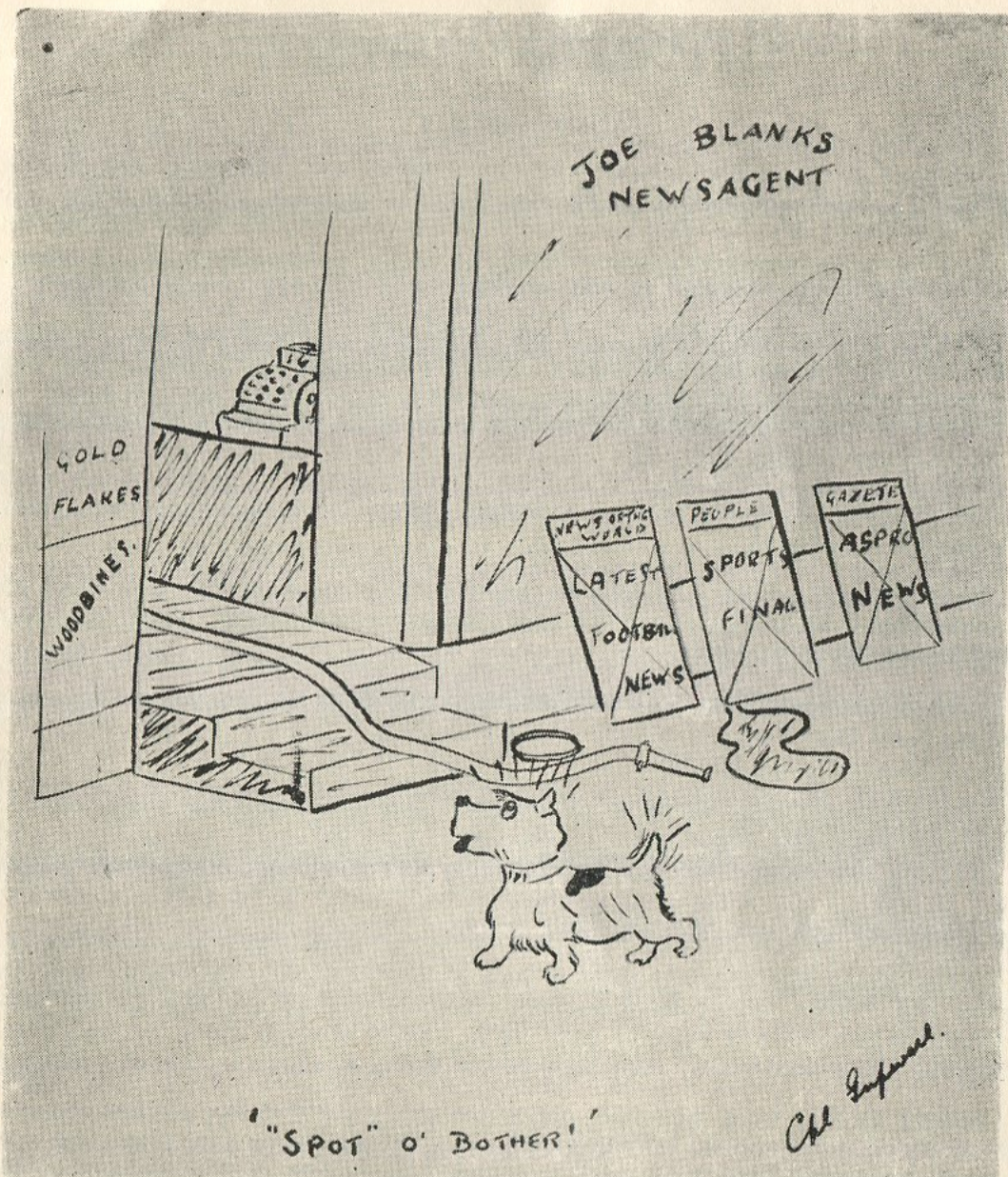
ROSCOE'S

DELUXE

TAXI

CARS RENTED OUT

PHONE: 796



Congratulations!

ON THE PRODUCTION OF YOUR STATION
MAGAZINE - - - "WINGS"

LIPSON'S
The Friendly Store

PICTON - TRENTON - BELLEVILLE - NAPANEE
GANANOQUE - BROCKVILLE

Entertainment

(ANDY REEKIE)

THE GAMES and Sports nights held in the Recreation Room have been mentioned by our Editor, in his column on "Sportivities," so, in this article, we intend to confine ourselves to the Cinematograph and Theatrical entertainment provided in the building.

Firstly, the "Movie" shows . . . I guess I'll never get into the way of calling them "Cinema" shows like you guys. . . . We try to supply, each week, films that the camp fellows will find interesting, but, some times, it happens that we are unfortunate, and the "movie" we put on isn't so good. Well, we must learn to take the good with the bad . . . as I would point out that these films visit the various camps in Canada in a regular, prepared cycle. Many of the films, too, you will have seen before . . . as "King Kong" for instance . . . but, again, this cannot be helped.

However, up to the present we have been pleased to see how well the "movie" shows have been attended, and this has given us new heart for future ventures we have in mind.

It is our endeavour to create as many interests as possible in the camp and soon we hope to hold a type of party which, I believe, is new to you all. This is what we call a Stunt Night . . . during which we will have some surprises for you! So look out for it! An announcement will appear in due course, on the notices displayed in the Dining Hall, referring to these evenings.

Finally, we should like to mention the fine work put in by our concert party in such a short time, in producing the Variety Show that appeared on the stage here, on the 13th and 14th May.

Considering the short time they had at their disposal, we think that the artists did a fine job of work indeed. Special thanks are due to the town artists who entertained us, and gave up so much of their time, for rehearsals preceding the actual show. We hope to see them all again in future programs.

Flying Officer H. K. Mitchell, our Entertainments' Officer, not only took on his shoulders the gigantic task of licking the various turns into shape, in such a short time, but also took part personally in a few of the sketches. His energy and courage certainly deserved the reward he obtained, in the success of the show.

One word we should like to insert here. . . . There must be, on the station much further Concert material available. . . . Give Flying Officer Mitchell all the assistance you can by coming forward, and handing in your names before the next show!

In closing, I want to ask you, if you have any suggestions for the Entertainment Committee . . . bring them to me personally . . . and I will see that they receive all consideration. You see, we do not know what YOU like . . . so come and tell us!

❖ ❖ ❖

One simpleton said to us the other day . . . or was he a wise guy . . . "I notice the men do not look at the Diet Sheets in the Messing Hall when they go in, to see what they are going to get, but I notice a lot of them looking at the sheets when they come out . . . maybe to find out what they had!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Here's a tip for you! Never salute an Officer if you have a girl on your arm. If he salutes you . . . you should reply suitably, with two fingers of your free hand!

Puzzle Corner

(J. C. C. DAVIES)

IT IS the intention of the Editor to make this corner as interesting as possible for all concerned. Any suggestions that any of our readers wish to make, will be welcomed and will all receive due consideration. Now . . . let's see how bright you are!

PUZZLE No. 1

How many separate words can you form from the single word "Reconnaissance?" Each word must be made up of three or more letters and **MUST ONLY** include letters to be found in the word "Reconnaissance." For instance there are the words, "Reason," "Can," "Rinse," etc. . . . How many more can you find? Three points will be awarded for three letter words, four points for four letter words and so on.

A prize of **FIFTY CIGARETTES** will be awarded to the Airman obtaining the most points. Entries should be handed to the Editor before June 15th.

PUZZLE No. 2

Whilst undergoing training as a wireless operator at a camp "somewhere in England" . . . we suddenly reached that state of "browedoffness" where all that we were interested in was obtaining a week-end pass in some way or other. Using all the ingenuity with which The Lord had blessed us, we finally succeeded in obtaining the longed for "forty-eight."

Imagine yourself in the same position, and write us a letter explaining how you would go about getting your week-end. For the best effort . . . which we will print . . . we will present the writer with a chit on the canteen for 50 cents.

Group Captain C. H. Keith, our Commanding Officer, has consented to be the judge of these efforts . . . so you won't be able to use the excuse we print, chums!

PUZZLE No. 3

An A.C. Plonk just going on leave, started through the camp gates in a taxi (lucky guy!). He had two miles to go to the nearest station . . . one mile up hill and one mile down hill. The taxi did a steady 30 m.p.h. going up the hill. . . . How fast would the taxi driver have to travel the mile down hill to average 60 m.p.h. over the whole trip?

Answer on next page.

PUZZLE No. 4

An Englishman proceeding out of an Eastern city came across two natives sitting absolutely motionless on their horses, some half-a-mile from the city gates. He watched them for a while, but seeing that neither made any move, he approached them and asked one of them why they were remaining motionless. The native answered "Sahib, we have had the misfortune to fall in love with the same girl. She has promised to marry the man whose horse passes the city gate last . . . so you see we are both afraid to start.

The Englishman thought for a while . . . then went up to them again and said something. A few moments afterwards both natives started to gallop madly towards the city gate. What did he tell them?

Answer on next page.

THERE **IS** SOME PLACE
LIKE HOME IN
PICTON - -

It's

The **GLOBE HOTEL**

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Puzzle No. 2

He couldn't do it! He took 2 minutes to reach the top and he only had 2 minutes to cover the whole distance if he wanted to average 60 m.p.h.

Puzzle No. 3

He told them to change horses!

Teasel's Rexall Drug Store

SODA FOUNTAIN - - - TEA ROOM

KODAK FILMS DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

AN IDEAL PLACE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS

PHONE: 172 - - - PICTON

SERVICE AND QUALITY

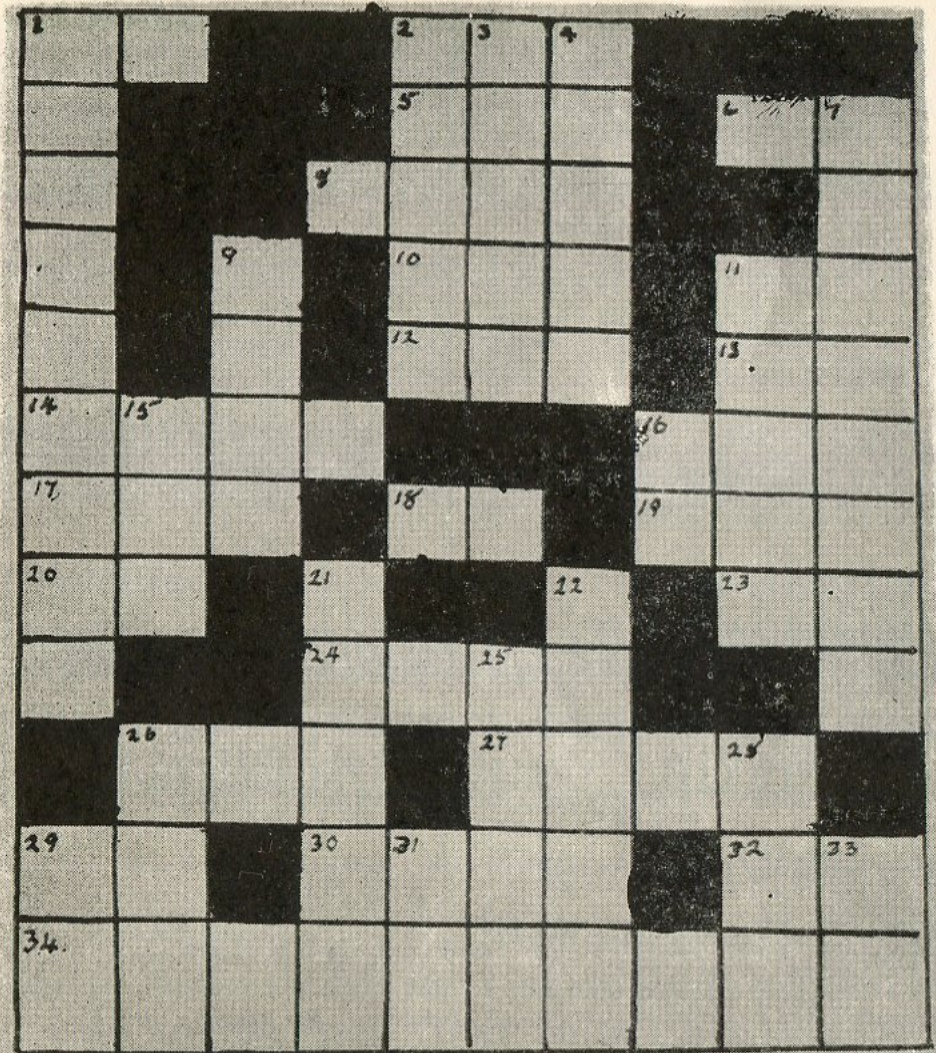
Belmont Restaurant

ALWAYS OPEN

BELLEVILLE'S BEST

Our Monthly Crossword Puzzle

A PRIZE of 50 Cigarettes will be given to the person whose correct entry is opened first by the Editor. All entries must be handed in before June 15th.



Queen's Hotel

BELLEVILLE

ROOMS WITH SHOWERS

Luncheons - - - - 40c

Chicken and Steak Dinners

"THE BEST MEALS IN BELLEVILLE"

158 FRONT STREET.

PHONE: BELLEVILLE 2370

MONTHLY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Continued from Preceding Page)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Hitler would have used for plaster of Paris. | 21. Delay. |
| 3. Headless, tailless worry is a battlefield. | 22. Ach's do this lead. |
| 4. Gift of the Three Wise Men. | 25. Ann certainly hath a way to live near this. |
| 7. Why tile this? | 26. Join the Navy to this the sea. |
| 9. Bulgaria balked Balkan. | 28. See 30 across. |
| 11. I plot to become. | 29. See 29 across. |
| 15. Extinct bird. | 31. Sounds like an egotist stuttering! |
| 16. And a makes murderous band. | 33. See 32 across. |

WRIGHT'S DRUG STORE

- SOUVENIRS, BOOKS, STATIONERY
- LENDING LIBRARY
- KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED FOR 30c A ROLL

TELEPHONE 194, PICTON

REGENT THEATRE

COMING ATTRACTIONS

* * *

June 6th, 7th
HUDSON BAY

* * *

June 8th, 9th
BUCK PRIVATES

* * *

June 11th, 12th
BLONDIE GOES LATIN
LONE WOLF KEEPS DATE

* * *

June 13th, 14th
WESTERN UNION

* * *

June 16th, 17th
ROAD TO ZANZIBAR

* * *

June 18th, 19th
POT OF GOLD

* * *

June 20th, 21st
ROMANCE OF THE RIO
GRANDE

* * *

June 23rd, 24th
PHILADELPHIA STORY

* * *

June 25th, 26th
STRAWBERRY BLONDE

* * *

June 27th, 28th
MEN OF BOYS TOWN

* * *

June 30th, July 1st
SPRING PARADE

* * *

NEWS REELS: Mon., Tues.,
Fri., and Sat.

* * *

PHONE 332

COMPLIMENTS OF Carter Bros. Ltd.

RADIO SERVICE



ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES



SIGNAL
GENERATORS



“THE
WESTINGHOUSE
STORE”

PHONE 80, PICTON

Hotel Quinte

BELLEVILLE




100 ROOMS

50 WITH BATH



AMERICAN PLAN



"Happy Landings"

FOR THE

Royal Air Force

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